

A
SELECTION
OF
HYMNS
FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

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*Sing ye praises with understanding. Ps. xlvil. 7.
Making melody in your hearts unto the Lord. Ep. v. 19.*

Wigan:
PRINTED BY W. LYON.
1796.

SELECTED



1862

PREFACE.

THE following Selection of Hymns are by no means intended to supercede any other collection, which are in use for the public worship of Almighty God; nor are they meant to gratify the carnal mind; but they are principally designed for the humble followers of Jesus, who are enabled to sing of the mercies of the Lord. The Scriptures of truth declare, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God." Ps. 50. 23. I therefore cast my mite into the treasury, and earnestly pray, that

the Songs of Zion may be a charming sound of salvation to poor lost sinners; and that the people of God may be edified, comforted, and encouraged, to sing unto the Lord with grace in their hearts. The melody of the voice is pleasing to the ears of men, but the melody of the heart is only pleasing to God. David sang sweetly when his heart was fixed on the Rock of Ages, and his voice put in tune by the Spirit of God. It is sweet melody when God comforts the broken in heart, and they can sing of the freeness of his grace, and the sweetness of his promises:—'tis Jesus that makes their music, and the Spirit fills them with spiritual breath to sing freely.

I am

P R E F A C E.

v

I am indebted to many for this Selection, particularly the respectable names of Newton, Berridge, Toplady, Hart, Doddridge, Fawcett, Medley, &c. whose praise is in the Churches; and I must confess I have gathered much sweetness from these flowers in Christ's garden myself; and I humbly hope that many of God's children may have a sweet enjoyment of the same rich savour of grace, and join in the praises of the Triune God. There are a few others, which have not appeared in print before, which point to the same Saviour, and if he smile on them, while singing, will cause joy and gladness among the saints.

I have endeavoured to obtain a rich variety in this

small work, and have placed those hymns which belong to any particular subject together.

May the Master of Assemblies teach us all to sing for joy of heart, and make our songs pleasant by his presence,—That his word may be our rule—his promises our security—his Spirit our guide and comforter—his atonement our boast—his righteousness our wedding-garment—and heaven our everlasting home, where we shall sing the songs of redeeming love without any jarring sound.

Is the affectionate prayer of

J. K.

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A
COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

H Y M N I.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. P. M.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
He is able, &c.
He is willing; doubt no more.

A

Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh;
 Without money, &c.
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy

(Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is, to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you, &c.
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.)

(Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him:
 Hear him cry, before he dies,

"It is finish'd," &c.
 Sinner, will not this suffice?")

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly
 Let no other trust intrude:

None but Jesus, &c.
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:

Hallelujah! &c.
 Sinners here may sing the same,

H. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

TO day God bids the faithfull rest,
 To day he shew'rs his grace;
 "Seek ye my face" the Lord hath said
 Lord we will seek thy face.

Come let us leave the things of earth,
 With Gods assembly join;
 Lo! heaven descends to welcome man,
 To taste the things divine!

We come dear Saviour, lo we come,
 Lord of our life and soul;
 We come diseas'd, and faint and sick,
 Be pleas'd to make us whole.

We thirst, and fly to thee, O Lord,
 Thou fountain-head of good;

Filthy we come, and all unclean,
O cleanse us in thy blood.

O may we praise our God to day,
May that be all our care;
Give, Lord, thy grace lest evil thoughts,
Should mingle in our prayer.

Amidst th' Assembly of thy saints,
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

Let thy good Spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple Lord,
And let us find thee near.

III. *The Day of Rest.* C. M. MATT. 11. 28. 29.

YE that are sunk in sin and thrall,
 By guilt and grief oppress'd;
 Attend unto the Saviour's call,
 For he will give you rest.

Ye burden'd souls, to him apply,
 And you shall be releas'd;
 He looks on you with pitying eye,
 And he will give you rest.

Before his throne your griefs disclose,
 When you are sore distress'd;
 His peace your spirit shall compose,
 For he will give you rest.

His yoke is easy, burden light,
 This is by all confess'd;

His sacred Laws are just and right;
And he will give you rest.

On Jesus cast your weighty cares,
And lean upon his breast;
His love shall silence all your fears,
For he will give you rest.

When on his arm your souls rely,
You shall be richly blest;
His needed he'll not deny,
For he will give you rest.

He'll bring you to his courts above,
Whate'er your fears suggest;
Then wear his yoke, and trust his love,
For he will give you rest.

IV. *Before Sermon*, C. M. MALACHI, 4. 2.

O SUN of righteousness arise,
 With healing in thy wing;
 To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
 Thy free salvation bring.

All clouds of pride, and sin dispel,
 By thine all piercing beam;
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
 With holy love inflame.

My mind, by thy all quick'ning pow'r,
 From vile desires set free,
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts and fix,
 My love entire on Thee.

Father thy long lost Child receive,
 Saviour thy purchas'd own;

Blest comforter with peace and joy,
Thy waiting creature crown.

V. For the Sabbath Day Afternoon, C. M.

BLES'D be thy name immortal King,
Of all the nations Lord;
Whose love provides, for fainting souls,
The cordial of thy word.

Again with troops of pious friends,
We seek the House of prayer;
To learn thy will, to sing thy praise,
Again Lord meet us there.

Lift up our souls in holy zeal,
Inflame our breasts with love;
Touch our unhallow'd lips with fire,
O thou anointing Dove.

And let us feel thy quick'ning grace,
While in thy courts we wait;
Let us behold thy smiling face,
Shine from thy mercy seat.

Then shall we worship Thee aright,
Our willing feet shall move;
And in thy house take great delight,
In thy redeeming love.

VI. *The waiting Soul*, C. M. PROV. 8. 34.

MY business lays at Jesu's gate,
Where many a Lazar comes;
And here I sue and here I wait,
For mercy's falling crumbs.

My rags and wounds, my wants proclaim,
And help from him implore;

The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

My Lord, I hear the hungry feeds,
And cheer the Souls distressed;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

His name is Jesus, full of Grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus shew his face
And bring his Gospel store?

Yes, Jesus will supply my want,
His Grace he'll not deny;
For if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lay down and die.

But Oh! my Lord such news shall ne'er
Be told in Sion's street;

That some poor soul fell in despair,
And dy'd at Jesu's feet.

VII. *The loving kindness of the Lord, L. M.*

AWAKE my Soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness is so free.

He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
And lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness is so great,

When I was Satan's easy prey,
And deep in debt, and bondage lay;
He paid his Life for my discharge,
His loving kindness is so large.

Thro' many hosts of mighty foes,
 When Earth and Hell our way oppose;
 He safely leads my Soul along,
 His loving kindness is so strong.

Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 And tho' I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

Whene'er I pass the gloomy vail,
 And all my mortal powers fail;
 Oh! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving kindness sing in Death.

VIII. *Looking to Jesus*, L. M. JONAH 2. 14.

SEE a poor Sinner dearest Lord,
 Whose Soul's encourag'd by thy word;
 At mercy's footstool would remain,
 And there would "look and look again".

How oft deceiv'd by self and pride;
 Has my poor heart been turn'd aside;
 And JONAH like, has fled from Thee,
 Till thou hast "look'd again on me."

Take courage then, thou tremb'ling soul,
 One look from Christ will make thee whole;
 Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
 But wait, and "look, and look again."

Do Satan's Darts thy Soul molest?
 Does dark desertions fill thy breast?
 Art thou almost with sorrows slain?
 Yet wait, and "look and look again."

Do fears and doubts, thy soul annoy?
 And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
 And canst thou not one smile obtain?
 Yet wait, and "look and look again."

Look to the Lord, his Word his Throne;
 Look to his Grace, and not your own;
 There wait and look, and look again,
 You shall not wait nor look in vain.

Ere long that happy Day will come,
 When I shall reach my blissful home;
 And when to Glory I attain,
 O then I'll "look and look again."

IX. *Glory to the Redeemer*, L. M. MAR. 7. 31.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise;
 With all his Saints, I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express;

But O! his Love what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

How Sov'reign wonderful and free,
Has been his Love to sinful me;
This pluck'd me from the jaws of Hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

I spurn'd his Grace, I broke his Laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
To save me, tho' I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Tho' many a firey flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this, I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vail of Death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;

Yet then my happy Soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
 And when to that bright World I rise,
 And join the Anthems in the skies;
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

X. *Lord's Day, C. M.*

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest;
 Who joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.

Thus Lord while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow;
 By Hymns of praise, we learn to be,
 Triumphant here below.

On this glad day a brighter scene,
Of Glory was display'd ;
By God, th' eternal word then when,
This universe was made,

He rises who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the World from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

XI. *Before Sermon, P. M.*

THY presence gracious God afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word,
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear ;

Chorus--Thus Lord thy waiting servants blefs,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above,
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfy'd with living bread;

Chorus—Thus Lord, &c.

To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy,
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear;

Chorus—Thus Lord, &c.

Father in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day;

Chorus—Thus Lord thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success,

XII. *God's promis'd Strength*, C. M.

THRO' Age disease and various toils,
 I feel my flesh decay;
 Jesus let thy all chearing smiles,
 Revive me day by day,

I faint beneath the heavy load,
 Be thou my strength and stay;
 And let thy hand my faithful God,
 Support me day by day.

Absent from thee I inly mourn,
 Lift up my hands and say;
 In mercy to my soul return,
 And chear me day by day.

Temptations, fears, and griefs attend,
 Thro' all the darksome way;

Be thou my everlasting friend,
To guard me day by day.

Corruptions work and war within,
And fill me with dismay;
Lord let thy pow'r and grace divine,
Renew me day by day.

My wasting life declines apace,
The moments haste away;
Let faith and love and ev'ry grace,
Be ripen'd day by day.

I long to reach my blissful home,
Let not my Lord delay;
May I till my Redeemer come,
Be waiting day by day.

XIII. *Lord's Day*, C. M.

HOW lovely are thy courts O Lord,
 How sweet thy dwelling place;
 When thou dost bless the Gospel word,
 And shew thy gracious face.

While Jesus in his chariot rides,
 And truth and mercy brings;
 My heart will taste no joys besides,
 But loaths all earthly things.

One savoury day in his house spent,
 More sweetness yieldeth far;
 Than thousands pass'd in merriment,
 Or than whole ages are.

The gospel word may Jesus bless;
 To quicken sinners dead;

To give the Children growth in grace,
And raise the mourners head.

Refresh my soul with thy sweet love,
Well water'd let it be;
And soaring up to things above,
Cry out and thirst for thee.

Let each new sabbath bring new rest,
New faith and love impart;
Croud sweeter praise within my breast,
And hallow more my heart.

XIV. *Come and See*, L. M. JOHN I. 46.

JESUS, dear Name! how sweet its sound,
Replete with balm for all my wounds;
His word declares his grace is free,
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

He left the shining Courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die;
 Jesus the God hung on a tree,
 Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

Your sins did pierce his loving heart,
 And wound his Soul with keenest smart;
 Yet his dear love, now burns to thee,
 Come, trembling sinner, come and see.

His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
 And make the filthy leper clean;
 His fountain open stands for thee,
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

The garments of his shining grace,
 His charming robe of Righteousness;
 How heav'nly fair! how bright they be!
 Come, naked sinner, come and see.

We can't describe what glories shine,
In Jesus! Oh he's all divine!
That you may in our songs agree,
Come, fellow sinners, come and see.

XV. "*O Lord thou art my Refuge.*" S. M.

NO help in self I find,
And yet have fought it well;
The native treasure of my mind,
Is sin, and death and hell.

To Christ for help I fly,
The friend of sinners just;
A refuge sweet and sure and right,
And there is all my trust.

All other refuge fails,
And leaves my heart distressed;

But this eternally prevails,
To give a sinner rest.

Lord grant me free access,
Unto thy pierced side;
For there I seek my dwelling place,
And there my guilt would hide.

In ev'ry time of need,
My helpless soul defend;
And save me from all evil deeds,
And save me to the end.

And when the hour is near,
That flesh and heart will fail;
Do thou in all thy grace appear,
And bid my faith prevail.

XVI. *Joy in Sorrow*, PSALM 43. 5. 8. 7.

WHY, is my soul, cast down and sad?
 Why distrest from day to day?
 Look up to Christ thy living head,
 He can chase the clouds away.

View thy Maker in the Garden,
 Hear him groaning on the tree;
 And let this dispel thy sadness,
 That he bled and dy'd for thee.

In this dismal land of sorrow,
 Think not always to have peace;
 Grace and sin will still be warring,
 But the conflict soon will cease.

Soon shall Jesus crown'd with Glory,
 Burst the clouds and mount his Throne;

And, to thy unbounded comfort,
Then shall claim thee as his own.

In a rich prepared mansion,
Thou with him shalt ever dwell;
But the Glory of that station,
O! no mortal tongue can tell.

XVII. *Sabbath Day*, 6. 8.

ARISE my foul arise,
Shake of thy drowsy frame;
Mount up towards the skies,
And catch an angel's flame;
May love seraphic tune my breast,
To hail the day of sacred rest.

Ye gilded toys of earth,
I bid you all adieu!

Farewel fantastic mirth,
 No blifs belongs to you;
 To Sion's doom I will repair,
 And seek my God by fervent prayer.

'Tis there he lends an ear,
 To all our sad complaints;
 In radiant Glory there,
 Appears to bless his saints;
 His smiles beam life and joy around,
 And make an Heav'n on earthly ground.

May this returning Day,
 Be crown'd with Jesu's love!
 Till I shall soar away,
 To join the church above;
 Where all is blifs and joy serene,
 Nor sin nor pain shall intervene.

XVIII. *A Dialogue.* L. M,

Q. EXALTED high at God's right hand,
 Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
 With glory crown'd, in white array,
 My wond'ring soul says, Who are they?

A. These are the saints belov'd of God,
 Wash'd are their robes in JESU's blood;
 More spotless than the purest white,
 They shine in uncreated light.

Q. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
 Their glories great, and all divine;
 Tell me their origin, and say,
 Their order what, and whence came they?

A. Thro' tribulation great they came,
 They bore the cross and scorn'd the shame;

Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

Q. And does the cross thus prove their gain?
And shall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace?

A. Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they sing,
The secret glories of their King;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise.

A. Jesus the Saviour is their theme,
They sing the wonders of his name;

To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

Amen, they cry, to him alone,
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again,
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

XIX. *Not asham'd of Christ.* L. M.

JESUS—and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more!

Asham'd of Jesus—of that friend,
On whom for heaven my hopes depend!
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, nor soul to save.

Till then, (nor is the boasting vain)
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain:
 And O! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not asham'd of me.

* XX. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

MAL. 4. 2.

INSPIRE me with thy Spirit, Lord,
 To sing the glories of thy word:
 'Tis there thou dost my soul refresh,
 With Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

C

Break thro' these clouds of guilt and sin,
 And make my darkness light within;
 In streams of love thy mercies show'r,
 And heal me with thy quick'ning pow'r.

'Tis true thou once on me didst shine,
 With light, and heat, and love divine;
 And in that moment made me see,
 That Jesus lov'd and dy'd for me.

But, Lord, I want fresh visits still;
 I long to know more of thy will;
 Infuse fresh light thro' ev'ry part,
 And reign sole monarch of my heart.

Come, thou celestial heavenly Dove,
 Down from the blissful realms above,
 And spread thine all prolific wings,
 To hide my soul from satan's stings.

Hark! hark! I hear my Saviour say,
 " Fear not, poor soul, I am the way;
 " Look up to me, I hold thee fast,
 " I'm bound to bring thee safe at last!"

XXI. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
 Behold us waiting to be fed;
 Bless the provision of thy house,
 And satisfy thy poor with bread.

Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,
 Athirst and hungry we are come;
 Now from the fulness of thy word,
 Feast us, and send us thankful home.

XXII. *Another.* P. M.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower, and the seed;

Let each heart thy grace inherit;

Raise the weak, the hungry feed;—

From the gospel

Now supply thy people's need.

O may all enjoy the blessing

Which thy word's design'd to give;

Let us all, thy love possessing,

Joyfully the truth receive;

And for ever

To thy praise and glory live.

XXIII. *Another.* C. M.

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
 And teach his tongue to speak:

Food to the hungry soul impart,
 And cordials to the weak.

Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
 To walk in wisdom's ways;
 So shall the benefit be ours,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

XXIV. *Another.* S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Asssembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we must starve indeed;
 For we no money have to buy,
 Nor righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give;
 O hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live.

XXV. *Another.* 7s.

SUN of Righteousness, arise,
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 Let thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy courts appear:
 Now afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
 May thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 May the fruits of grace abound;
 Bring relief for all complaints:

Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

XXVI. *Another.* L. M.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we for grace receiv'd would raise
Immortal songs of love and praise.

How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, are thy grace and thee!
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

For these we wait upon thee, Lord;
For these we listen to thy word:
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let one soul attend in vain.

XXVII. *Another.* L. M.

O THOU, at whose almighty word,
 The glorious light from darkness sprung!
 Thy quick'ning influence afford,
 And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

'Tis thine, to teach him how to speak;
 'Tis thine, to give the hearing ear;
 'Tis thine, the stubborn heart to break,
 And make the careless sinner hear.

'Tis also thine, almighty Lord,
 To cheer the poor desponding heart:
 O speak the soul-reviving word,
 And bid the mourners' fears depart.

Thus would we in the means be found,
 And thus, on thee alone depend,

To make the gospel's joyful sound
Effectual to the promis'd end.

XXVIII. *Another.* C. M.

LET me not always, Lord, appear
Among thy saints in vain;
How many sermons do I hear?
How few do I retain?

Let me not to thy temple come,
And empty thence depart;
But may I gladly carry home
Thy treasure in my heart.

A blessing, Lord, on me bestow,
Worthy thyself to give;
Let me retain it whilst below,
And on thy riches live.

XXIX. *Another.* L. M.

LORD, solemnize our trifling minds;
 O help us seriously to think
 A vast eternity is near,
 And ev'ry soul is on the brink.

Lord, help thy minister to preach,
 "As if he ne'er should preach again!"
 O may he speak as sent by thee,—
 "A dying man to dying men."

Now may we all attend thy voice,
 Before the day of grace is past;
 Nor dare thy present message flight;
 For this, perhaps, may prove the last.

XXX. *Another.* C. M.

THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
 Have brought us here to-day;

And now we humbly waiting stand,
To hear what thou wilt say.

Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

XXXI. *Another.* 75.

HOLY Spirit, thee we pray,
Finger of the living God,
Point us out the living way,
Shed the Saviour's love abroad.

Take the things of Christ, and shew
What his love for us hath done;
Thus may we the Father know
Through his well beloved Son.

Lighten each benighted heart,
 Drive our enemies away;
 Joy, and love, and peace impart,
 Lead us in the heav'nly way.

XXXII. *For Help.* C.M.

FATHER! to thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on thee depends;
 Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too;—
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,

Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

From thee, thro' Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call,

In whom we are, and move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

XXXIII. *Sabbath Morning.* L. M.

ANOTHER fix days work is done;
Another sabbath is begun;
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest to weary'd minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heav'nly calm within my breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains;
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away:
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

XXXIV. *Affliction Sanctified.* 76.

TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross;

But the Saviour's pow'r to know,

Sanctifying ev'ry loss:

Trials must and will befall;

But, with humble faith to see

Love inscrib'd upon them all,

This is happiness to me.

God in Isr'el sows the seeds

Of affliction, pain, and toil;

These spring up, and choke the weeds

Which would else o'erspread the soil:

Trials make the promise sweet,

Trials give new life to pray'r;

Trials bring me to his feet,

Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,

No chastisement by the way;

Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a castaway :
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not if he might.

XXXV. *Christ the Believer's Support.* C. M.

IN ev'ry trouble, sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God ;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name;—
 In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

XXXVI. *The Lord will provide.* P. M.

GEN. 22. 14.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us, The Lord will provide.
 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

D

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost,
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
 Tho' satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

His call we obey like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

When satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
 This heart-cheering promise, The Lord will
 provide.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;

But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,

In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting The Lord will provide.

XXXVII. *Christ the best Friend.* L. M.

POOOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;

Jesus the Saviour is his name,

He freely loves, and without end,

He ransom'd me from hell with blood,

And by his pow'r my foes controull'd;

He found me wand'ring far from God,

And brought me to his chosen fold,

He chears my heart, my wants supplies,

And says that I shall shortly be

Enthron'd with him above the skies;

O! what a friend is Christ to me!

XXXVIII. *Christ our Righteousness.* L. M.

JESUS, thy righteousness divine

Is all my glory, all my trust;

Nor will I fear, if that be mine,

While Jesus lives, and God is just.

My guilt, 'tis of a crimson dye!

And black as hell my various sin!

Yet—Jesus blood can purify,

And wash my filthy nature clean.

Tho' ragged to my shame, or bare,

My wretched soul's by nature found;

His righteousness he bids me wear,

And throws the noble mantle round.

Clad in this robe, how bright I shine!

Angels might envy such a dress;

Angels have not a robe like mine,

A robe like Jesu's righteousness.

XXXIX. *Christ all in all.* C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,

My heart doth sing for joy :

And sing I must, a Christ I have,

O what a Christ have I!

My Christ he is the Lord of lords,

He is the King of kings;

He is the Sun of Righteousness,

With healing in his wings.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,

My physic, and my health;

My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,

My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my father, and my friend,

My brother, and my love;

My head, my hope, my counsellor,

My advocate above.

My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'n ;—

My Christ what shall I call ?

My Christ is first, my Christ is last,

My Christ is all in all.

XL. *Christ our Sanctuary.* L. M.

GO, you that rest upon the law,
And madly seek salvation there ;

Look to the flames that Moses saw !

And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross—

Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;

And the keen sword that justice draws,

Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

* XLI. *The Christian Warfare.* C. M. *ym*

COME, christian soldiers, rise and fight,
 For Christ your captain's cause;
 Put on his armour, strength, and might,
 Nor seek for man's applause.

For God's foundation standeth sure,
 Though men do mock and rail;
 Christ is the sinner's only cure,
 Whose mercies never fail.

He knows all them for whom he stood,
 Before the earth was laid:
 Let those who have his love enjoy'd,
 Stand up, be not afraid.

Tho' all forsake us, God is true,
 This is the christian's plea;

Whate'er the world may say or do,
My Jesus dy'd for me.

XLII. *The Christian Soldier's Uniform.* C. M.

DRESS uniform the soldiers wear
When duty calls abroad;
Not purchas'd at their cost or care,
But by the prince bestow'd.

Christ's soldiers too, if Christ-like bred,
Have regimental dress;
'Tis linen white, and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

'Tis wrought by Jesu's skilful hand,
And ting'd with his own blood;
It makes the cherubs gazing stand,
To view this robe of God.

No art of man can weave this robe,

'Tis of such texture fine;

Nor could the wealth of all the globe

By purchase make it mine.

'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,

So curious wove, that none

Can dress up in this seamless coat,

Till Jesus put it on.

This vesture never waxeth old,

No spot thereon can fall;

It makes a soldier brisk and bold,

And dutiful withal.

This robe put on me, Lord, each day,

And it shall hide my shame;

Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray,

And bless my Captain's name.

XLIII. Backsliders. C.M.

DESERTERS to the camp return,
Resume your former post;

Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.

Yours is a sad, a dangerous case;

Be humble, and repent:

Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,

The moment ye relent.

Sinners are sav'd by Jesus blood,

How vile soe'er they be:

Eternal life's the gift of God,

And gifts are always free.

'Tis not by works of righteousness

Which any man has done;

But God has sent the Son to bless;
Return and kiss the son.

For Prayer Meetings.

XLIV. *The Beggar. As the 148th Psalm.*

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.
(The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,

If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would'st disdain;
 And those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.)

I have no right to say,
 That tho' I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more;
 Thou know'st, that from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

(Nor can I dare profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few.
 If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.)

'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before,
 Or, if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more:
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.

Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I;
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy:
 O do not frown, and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.

(Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others, who like me
 Their wants and hunger feel;

I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.)

Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend.

Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

XLV. *Hannah: or, The Throne of Grace.*

I SAM. I. 18.—*As the 148th Psalm.*

WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:

Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace,

When she began to pray,
 Her heart was pain'd and sad;
 But e'er she went away,
 Was comforted and glad:
 In trouble, what a resting place,
 Have they, who know the throne of grace.

Tho' men and devils rage,
 And threaten to devour;
 The saints from age to age,
 Are safe from all their pow'r:
 Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
 By waiting at the throne of grace.

Numbers before have try'd,
 And found the promise true;
 Nor one been yet deny'd,
 Then why should I or you?

Let us by faith, their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

XLVI. *Prayer.* L. M.

JESU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom we cast our ev'ry care;
On whom for all things we depend;
Inspire, and then accept our pray'r.

Fill ev'ry soul with humble fear,
Our utter helplessness reveal:
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may we always nearer feel.

XLVII. *The Christian's Wants.* S. M.

JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;

E

With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest pray'r.

I want an heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

I want, I know not what—
I want my wants to see:

I want—alas ! what want I not,
When thou art not with me.

XLVIII. *The Broken Heart.* S. M.

DESCEND my gracious God,
And to me now impart,
That precious blessing, bought with blood,
A new, and broken heart.

From thee I wander, Lord,
Which causes me much smart ;
Reclaim me by thy pow'ful word,
And give a broken heart.

To mourn my follies done,
And better act my part,
Bestow upon me, through thy Son,
A new, a broken heart.

O keep me near thy side,
 (I'm prone from thee to start,)
 And let thy Spirit, Lord, abide
 Within my broken heart.

O come unto my soul;
 And never more depart:
 Lord, condescend to make me whole;
 And heal my broken heart.

* KLIX. *Prayer.* S. M.

DEAR Jesus, now refresh
 Thy hungry fainting few;
 O fill us with thy righteousness,
 And show's of heav'nly dew.
 The pray'r of faith bestow,
 Dear Lord, on sinners poor,

That we may serve thee here below,
And praise thee evermore.

L. *The Importunate Widow.* S. M.

OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by a parable,
To pray, and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen when they cry?
 Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

His nature, truth, and love,
 Engage him on their side:
 When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
 And can they be deny'd?

Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in pray'r;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

LI. *Refuge in Trouble.* C. M.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise;

On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

No; still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r:
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat:
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

Hymns for Society, and Persons meeting in Christian Fellowship.

LII. *Invitation.* 76.

COME, ye lovers of the Lamb,
 Join in publishing his fame;
 Let the whole society
 Sing our Saviour's clemency.

Who like us so favour'd are?
 We the Lord's peculiar care;
 We the precious sons of God,
 Dearly purchas'd by his blood.

Who can make their boast like us?
 Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
 We can boast, for we are made
 Kings and priests in Christ our head.

Jesus, (when we all were poor)
 Out of love's eternal store,
 Gave to each of us a crown;
 Gave us mansions on his throne:

Neither leaves us desolate
 While we're in our pilgrim state;
 Here he talks with us, and we
 Him by faith's perspective see.

Best of friends the Lord we prove,
 He ne'er changes in his love;
 Faithful, gracious, good, the same;
 Let us still exalt his name.

LIII. *At Meeting.* 7s.

BLEST by Jesus providence,
 Lo! we meet again in love!
 May we, when we fly from hence,
 Meet before the throne above.
 When we once shall there arrive,
 Ever happy we shall reign;
 Ever with the Saviour live;
 Everlasting glories gain.
 There shall sorrow not intrude,
 Nor shall sighing enter in;

Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,
 We shall stand made free from sin.

Come, ye saints of Jesus, come,
 Forward boldly let us press;
 Humbly let our souls presume
 On the Saviour's righteousness.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
 When the family complete,
 Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
 In the house above shall meet.

Master, hasten on the day!
 Glorious to thy judgment come!
 Call thy trav'ling saints away;
 Lord, we long to be at home.

LIV. *Brotherly Love.* L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

To you and me by grace 'tis giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n:—
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

LV. *Another.* L. M.

MAY Christ, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his Good Spirit from above;
 Make our communications sweet;
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

LVI. *Another.* L. M.

COME, talk of all Christ did, or said,
 And suffer'd for us here below;
 The path be mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

LVII. *On taking a Member into Society.* L. M.

WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
 Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
 Welcome with us thine hand to join,
 As partner of our lot divine.

With us the pilgrim's state embrace;
 We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
 The new Jerusalem above,
 The radiant throne, the seat of love.

The Holy Ghost, that knows the way,
 Conduct thee on from day to day;
 Blessings abundant from above,
 Give him, we pray, thou God of love.

* LVHI. *Union between Christ and his People.* C. M.

JOHN 15. 5.

BEHOLD! how joyful 'tis to see
God's love in Christ abound;
And feel our union in that tree,
Where life and peace are found.

Our blessed Jesus is the vine,
And we the branches are;
Whoever drinks this precious wine,
Shall life and glory share.

For we are join'd to him our head,
And made bone of his bone;
And by his loving Spirit led
To know that we are one.

Come then, ye chosen saints rejoice,
Your loudest accents raise,

In unity of heart and voice,
To sing your Saviour's praise.

Soon shall we join the heav'nly host,
And evermore confess,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
The Lord our Righteousness.

LIX. *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God!
Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood!

O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, the crucify'd!
What hast thou done our hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Us into cloſer union draw,
 And in our inward parts,
 Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,—
 Let love command our hearts.

O let us find the ancient way,
 Our wond'ring foes to move,
 And force a frowning world to ſay;
 "See how theſe Chriſtian's love!"

LX. Another. S. M.

LET party names no more
 The Chriſtian world o'erſpread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Chriſt our head.

Among the ſaints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found;

Heirs of the same inheritance;

With mutual blessings crown'd,

Let envy and ill-will

Be banish'd far away;

Those should in strictest friendship dwell,

Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below

Resemble that above;

Where streams of pleasure ever flow,

And ev'ry heart is love.

LXI. *Another.* 75.

JESU, Lord, we look to thee,

Let us in thy name agree;

Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,

Bid all jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
 Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear;
 Come, and spread thy banner here.
 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
 Let us each for other care,
 Each another's burden bear;
 To thy church the pattern give,—
 Shew how true believers live.
 Let us then with joy remove,
 To thy family above;
 On the wings of angels fly,—
 Shew how true believers die.

LXII. *Privileges of God's Children.*

BLESSED are the sons of God,

They are bought with Christ's own blood;

They are ransom'd from the grave,

Life eternal they shall have:

With them number'd may we be,

Here, and in eternity!

God did love them in his Son,

Long before the world begun;

They the seal of this receive,

When on Jesus they believe.

With them, &c.

They are justify'd by grace,

They enjoy a solid peace;

All their sins are wash'd away,

They shall stand in God's great day,

With them, &c.

They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness;
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.
 With them, &c.

They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heav'nly birth;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.
 With them, &c.

They alone are truly blest,
 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ:
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

LXIII. *Faith.* S. M.

FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.

Jesus it owns a king,
 An all-atoning priest;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

Since 'tis thy work alone;
 And that divinely free;

Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

LXIV. *Jesus Christ all in all.* C. M.

CHRIST is the true substantial good,
The spring of heavenly grace;
The hungry sinner's daily food,
The Lord our Righteousness.

Christ, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy;
He can the power of hell subdue,
And all our wants supply.

Christ is the sure foundation stone,
Our prophet, priest, and king;
Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone,
His grace alone we sing.

Christ is the everlasting Lord,
 Our strength whene'er we call;
 The sum and substance of the word,
 The sinner's all in all.

LXV. *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life. S. M.*

JOHN 14. 6.

I AM, saith Christ, the way :
 Now, if we credit him,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe'er they seem.
 I am, saith Christ, the truth :
 Then all that lacks this test,
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.
 I am, saith Christ, the life :
 Let this be seen by faith ;

It follows, without further strife,

That all besides is death.

If what those words aver,

The Holy Ghost apply;

The simplest christian shall not err,

Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

LXVI. *A Brand pluck'd out of the Fire.* L. M.
ZECH. 3. 12.

THUS saith the Lord, to those that stand,

And wait to hear his great command;

I have a sinner to renew;

And lo! this charge I give to you:

Pull his polluted garments off;—

Here, soul, here's raiment rich enough;

Clothe thee with righteousness divine,

Not creature's righteousness, but mine.

Satan, avaunt; stand off, ye foes;
 In vain ye rail, in vain oppose:
 Your cancel'd claim no more obtrude,
 He's mine—I bought him with my blood.

Sinner, thou stand'st in me complete;
 Tho' they accuse thee, I acquit:
 I bore for thee th' avenging ire,
 And pluck'd thee burning from the fire.

LXVII. *Pardon enjoy'd.* C. M. *MATT. 9. 2.*

HOW high a privilege 'tis to know
 Our sins are all forgiv'n!
 To bear about this pledge below,
 This special grant of heav'n!
 To look on this, when sunk in fears,
 While each repeated sight,

Like some reviving cordial cheers,
And makes temptations light.

Oh! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
To this well grounded peace!

How poor are all the goods of earth,
To such a gift as this!

This is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give;

Of this the best of men have need;
This I, the worst, receive.

LXVIII. *The Coronation Hymn.* C. M.

ALL hail, the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget

(The wormwood and the gall;

Go spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race,

Ye ransom'd from the fall;

Hail him, who saves you by his grace,

And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue

Throughout this earthly ball,

Unite in one harmonious song,

And crown him Lord of all.

LXIX. *The Prince of Peace.* C. M. Isa. 9. 6.

LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;

Let saints in heav'n proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

Praise him, who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;

Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;

Emmanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his lovely face;

His name for ever to adore,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

LXX. *God is Love.* C. M.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above;
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.
 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
 To shew, that God is love.
 Behold his patience lengthen'd out,
 To those who from him rove;
 And calls effectual reach their hearts,
 To teach them, God is love.
 The work begun is carry'd on
 By pow'r from heav'n above;

And ev'ry step, from first to last
Proclaims, that God is love.

LXXI. *The Rock of Ages.*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
 When my eye-strings break in death—
 When I soar thro' tracks unknown—
 See thee on thy judgment-throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

LXXII. *The Leper.* G. M.

OFT as the leper's case I read,
 My own describ'd I feel;

Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Lord thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r;
He will, for he is love.

* LXXIII. *Electing Love.* C.M.

WHEN we by faith can clearly see
Electing love our own,
We taste th' effects of God's decree,
In bliss before unknown.

To see ourselves in Christ approv'd,
 Heirs of eternal joy;
 From whence we never can be mov'd,
 Nor ought our souls destroy.
 'Tis sweet to feel thy love divine,
 And know thy precious voice;
 Upon thy bosom to recline,
 And in thy word rejoice.
 To thee belongs our ev'ry praise,
 That we thy ways now see;—
 Nothing but thine almighty grace
 Could bring us unto thee.

* LXXIV. *Effectual Calling.* C. M.

TITUS 3: 5.

YE precious saints of God rejoice,
 And hymns of praises sing;

And let your hearts as well as voice,
Adore your heav'nly King.

His grace admire, who gave his Son
To die for sinners poor;
Salvation's greatest work is done,
Open'd is mercy's door.

He calls us by his sov'reign grace;
To taste electing love;
Because we are his chosen race,
He doth our sins remove.

Not for our works which we have done,
That we salvation have;
But thro' the merits of his Son,
Who dy'd our souls to save.

Then to his name be all the praise,
 For such abounding love;
 Free grace shall all our voices raise
 In realms of bliss above.

LXXV. *Complete Salvation.* C. M.

SALVATION thro' our dying God;
 Is finish'd and complete;
 He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
 And cancel'd all their debt.
 Salvation now shall be my stay;
 "A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
 For better joys on high.

LXXVI. *Jabez's Prayer.* S. M. CHRON. 4: 9. 10.

O THAT the Lord indeed
 Would me his servant bless;

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From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace !

Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
My portion he divide.

LXXVII. *Help.* 7s. HOSEA 13. 9.

SELF-destroy'd for help I pray;
Help me, Saviour, from above;
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love;
Help me to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

G 3

LXXVIII. *Asking the Way to Zion.* C. M.
 JAN. 30. 5.

ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
 That leads to Zion's hill;
 And thither set your steady face,
 With a determin'd will.

Invite the strangers all around
 Your pious march to join;
 And spread the sentiments you feel
 Of faith and love divine.

O come, and to his temple haste,
 And seek his favour there;
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour your fervent pray'r!

O come, and join your souls to God
 In everlasting bands;

Accept the blessings he bestows
With thankful hearts and hands.

* LXXIX. *The Pilgrim's Invitation.* C. M.

MOSES invites his friends, and cries;
Leave all your cares, and come;
Our God shall give you large supplies,
For we are journeying home.

Come, my dear friends, no longer stay
In this benighted place;
We're journeying in a pleasant way,
That's wall'd around with grace.

The place we seek is God's own hill,
The promis'd land of rest,

Where God declares whoever will,
Shall in his Son be blest.

Come, join with us, our kindred dear,
And we will do you good;
God surely will for us appear,
And give us heav'nly food.

God's Israel shall his kindness prove,
In all the dreary way,
And sing his everlasting love
In realms of endless day.

* LXXX. *Manifestation of God's Love.* C. M.
GEN. 28. 15.

WHEN God to Jacob did appear,
With pow'r and grace divine,
How must that love his spirits chear,
When God declares, I'm thine.

I am the Lord, the God of grace;
 Jehovah is my name;
 The God who did thy fathers bless,
 And thou shalt share the same.

In all thy trials I am near,
 And thou shalt surely prove;
 That I'm thy God who love thee dear,
 And will for ever love.

I'll keep thee by my mighty pow'r,
 From ev'ry deadly foe;
 And in temptation's trying hour,
 I will not let thee go.

I will perform what I have said,
 I'm an unchanging friend;
 Lift up thine eyes, be not afraid,
 I love thee to the end.

Come then, my soul, dry up thy fears,
 If Jesus on thee shine;
 He who removed Jacob's fears,
 Will surely banish thine.

* LXXXI. *Infant Baptism.* C.M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,

"Nor scorn their humble name;

"For 'twas to bless such souls as these

"The Lord of angels came.

We bring them, Lord, by fervent pray'r,

And yield them up to thee;

Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Let thy new name to them be giv'n,
And wash them from their stain;
That they may reign with us in heav'n,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

LXXXII. *Another.* C. M.

NOW let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.

LXXXIII. *Before Sacrament.* R. M.
2 Kings 10. 13.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,

To taste of the banquet above;
 If thine heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide,
 They are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath:
 With the prophet they soar
 To that heav'nly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

Who on earth can conceive
 How happy we live,
 In the city of God the great King!
 What a concert of praise,
 When our Jesus's grace,
 The whole heavenly company sing!

What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join;
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts; voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is mercy divine!

Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the Great Everlasting I AM!
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

LXXXIV. *Invitation to the Lord's Table.* L. M.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord,
 That wait around this festal board,

Come, taste with me the rich displays
Of Christ's eternal love and grace.

Draw near, ye guilty, and receive
The pardon which he loves to give:
The blood of Jesus has a voice
That whispers peace, and says, rejoice,

Draw near ye poor, that feel and know,
Ye need whate'er he can bestow;
There is in him whene'er ye call,
All that ye want, and more than all:

Draw near, ye blind, the Lord, thy light,
Can speak the word, and heal thy sight;
He will conduct thee in the way
That leads to everlasting day.

Draw near, ye naked, and be clad;
Ye mourning tribes he'll make you glad;

Ye poor, ye maim'd, ye halt, ye blind,
All that ye want in Jesus find.

LXXXV. *Heavenly Food enjoy'd at the Lord's
Supper. C. M.*

WE bless the Lord who gives this cup,
This bread to feast upon;
We bless the Lord who offer'd up
His best beloved Son.

How sweet the streams of pleasure flow,
From this repast of love!

And if so sweet the streams below,

How sweet the spring above.

There shall we see the lovely face

Of our forgiving God;

And stand complete in righteousness;

Wash'd in the Saviour's blood.

LXXXVI. *New-Year's Day. L. Mon. 17*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand;
 The opening year thy mercy shews;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;

Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper-God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

* LXXXVII. *Another.* C. M. Prov. 8. 17.

COME let us praise and bless the Lord,
Our God divinely kind,
Who calls to sinners in his word,
To seek, and they shall find.

His mercies reach unto the skies,
And love dwells on his mind;
He smiles on Christ, and then replies,
Sinners, who seek, shall find.

My word is fast to them that seek,
 My oath and cov'nant bind;
 Nor shall my promise ever break,
 For they that seek shall find.

Come then, ye gay and thoughtless youth,
 Leave this vain world behind,
 And you shall prove God's word is truth—
 The soul that seeks shall find.

Pardon and peace, and righteousness,
 Are in the Saviour join'd;
 His grace below, and heav'nly bliss
 The seeking soul shall find.

LXXXVIII. *Scriptures of Truth.* C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration giv'n!

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

LXXXIX. *Preparation for Death.* S. M.
MATT. 24. 44.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood :
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known ;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

XC. *Funeral.* C.M. PSALM 46. 10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death ;

Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

Our cov'nant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
 We kiss the scourging hand;
 And yield our comforts and our life
 To thy supreme command.

XCI. *Burial of Infants.* L. M.

THESE breathless infants loud proclaim,
 Imputed sin with all its shame;
 But Christ's salvation as their dress,
 Preaches imputed righteousness.

Cease then thy grief, fond parent, cease,
 One lost to you, is found in peace;
 Believe, and praise the God who gave,
 Nor less the hand that does bereave.

XCII. *After Sermon* P. M.

HARK! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
 Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds;

Pardon and peace by Jesu's blood,
 Sinners are reconcil'd to God,
 And led into the heav'nly road,
 By grace divine!

Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
 Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
 Mercy and justice here combine,
 Goodness and truth harmonious join,
 While boundless love, in ev'ry line,
 Invites you near.

Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
 Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
 Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
 And spread abroad his matchless fame;
 For ever worthy is the Lamb
 Of endless praise.

XCIII. *Another.* L. M. Ps. 89. 15.

JEHOVAH, from his throne above,
Sends down sweet messages of love;
Thrice happy they, whose hearts are found
Attentive to the joyful sound.

Jesus proclaims salvation here,
And brings eternal mercy near :
Free grace doth now to all abound,
Who know the gospel's joyful sound.

While we pass through this wilderness,
Shine on us, Lord, with beams of grace :
Still may thy light our steps surround,
While we attend the joyful sound.

XCIV. *Another.* S. M.

WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word ;

We blefs thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But chears, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n :

So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase ;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

Then, tho' we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ,

We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

XCV. *Another.* L. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

XCVI. *Another.* C. M.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

We now desire to bless thy name,
 And in our hearts record,
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
 The goodness of the Lord.

XCVII. *Another.* L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word:
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood,
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

XCVIII. *Another.* S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name.

Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

XCIX. *Another.* C. M.

FATHER, before we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down:
Let him reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.

Thou Fountain of Eternal Love!
Who gav'st thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit, from above,
Enlighten and apply.

C. *Another.* 7s.

THANKS for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

CI. *Another.* P. M.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours;
Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

O grant, that each of us
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear!
 And follow thee to heav'n our home;
 E'en so, amen, Lord Jesus, Come!

CII. *Another.* P. M. 2 COR. 13. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other, and the Lord:
 Still possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

CIII. *Another.* L. M. PHIL. 4. 7.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct and keep, and cheer our hearts.

And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here!

DOXOLOGIES.

CIV. S. M.

TO the Eternal Three,
In will and essence one,
Be universal homage paid,
Cœqual honours done.

CV. 104th.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
 And publish abroad again, and again,
 The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
 The gift of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

CVI. L. M.

GLORY to God, the Father's name,
 To Jesus, who for sinners dy'd;
 The Holy Spirit claims the same,
 By whom our souls are sanctify'd.

CVII. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint, illegible markings, possibly from the reverse side or due to age. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is warm and vintage.



